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NOW IS YOUR BEST OPPORTUNITY TO BUY

Lamps,

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Lamps!

We are selling LANTERNS at bottom pri-Ces—something every household should have.

We have the largest stock of LAMPS in Anderson, and ask that you come and see them.

I have basked on the banks of the Amazon, gone all the way to the Ganges to see the worshipers of water, made my home on the banks of the Nile, but nowhere have I found a river at all like this I have come upon here. This is a strong and swift and sweeping river. It is up and doing and entirely alive. It is an American river in its fullest sense. An independent river is this, too, running on its own account, turning aside for neither Republican nor Democrat. Maybe it is running the Independent ticket. Maybe it is for St John, the cold-water man.

Elegantly Decorated Shades, Polished Brass Library Lamps, Nickle Student and Hitchcock Lamps,

Silvered Reflectors,

And anything in the Lamp line that you can

world.

Lord Houghton, to whom I dedicated my book about the Amason, gave a dinner in celebration of the little circumstance, at which many American ladies were distributed. A pair of these beauties were distributed with the wonders of the Nile, which they had visited. want.

We have bought these Goods in large quantities and at manufacturers' prices.

Call and get our prices before buying. Respectfully,

MISS DELLA KEYS Has received a bandsome assortment of

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY GOODS.

TO which she calls the attention of the Ladies, and asks an inspection of her Goods, as she is satisfied she can give satisfaction in both Goods and prices. Rooms in WAVERLY HOUSE BUILDING, first door above Simpson, Reid & Co.'s

GOODS WERE NEVER SO LOW

This fact We are prepared to Prove to our Friends and Customers who may favor us with a call.

WE are now receiving the largest and most carefully selected Stock of General Merchandise which we have ever purchased, and will make it to your interest to call and examine for yourselves. We have added to the lines usually kept by us many new and desirable ones, embracing— Ladies' Dress Goods, Flannels, Suitings, Shawls, &c.,

And the best CORSET on the market at 50c., worth \$1.00. Also, a A LARGE LINE OF READY MADE CLOTHING, HATS, TRUNKS, UMBRELLAS,

BLANKETS, SADDLES and HARNESS. Also, the Celebrated "NEW GLOBE" SHIRT—the king of all Shirts. It needs

We are agents for the Celebrated Mishawaka Sulky Piows, Cultivators and Hand

The "White Hickory" and "Hickman" one and two-horse WAGONS. every one of

The attention of Ginners and Farmers is called to our-COTTON SEED AND GRAIN CRUSHER, y which you can crush your Cotton Seed and make your Fertilizer.

Get our prices on Plantation and Gin House Scales, Cotton Gins, Feeders and Con-users and General Farm Machinery.

We are at all times in the Cotton Market, and will do you right. We will pay all times who owe us for Supplies and Guano an extra price. A large lot of BAGGING and TIES at lowest prices.

McCULLY, CATHCART & CO.

THE NEW FIRM.

CUNNINGHAM & FOWLER, Successors to J. G. Cumingham & Co., dealers in

PRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, HARDWARE, d a full line of EVERYTHING usually kept in a General Stock.

oney.

We want all the money that is due us this Fall on any account—Merchandice, such of or otherwise. The Books, Notes and Accounts of the late Firm of J. G. Cuntano, or otherwise. The Books, Notes and Accounts of the late Firm of J. G. Cuntano, or otherwise. The Books, Notes and Accounts of the late Firm of J. G. Cuntano, or otherwise.

CUNNINGHAM & FOWLER.

THE MAGNOLIA CITY.

The Poet of the Sierras Discovers New Orleans, and in a Letter Treats of its Pe-culiar Features and Varied Attractions.

Correspondence of the Courier-Journal. NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 24, 1884.

I bave discovered a city here, not far from the Mexican seas, which is built below the levels of the river. I have before me a city here where the wells are built above the ground. I have come upon a city here of nearly a quarter of a million people, where the graves are built on top of the earth. And the dead people in these graves which are built on the top of the ground in the heart of this mighty and antique city outnumber the living. NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 24, 1884.

this mighty and antique city outnumber the living.

But notwithstanding all that this is a healthful and a delicious city. The water is not so bad after all. I have not yet tried the graves.

New Orleans, on first sight, reminds me of a very pretty girl with a smudged face. And it is to be admitted that she is a pretty old pretty girl, too. And she knows a tremendous lot, I can tell you. But for all that, she is a girl that you can't help falling in love with at first sight to save your life.

BY THE BANKS OF THE MIGHTIEST RIV-

BY THE BANKS OF THE MIGHTIEST RIV-

It has a mouth and can speak for itself, I hear you say. My friend, take off your hat, and be serious in his presence. Millions of thoughtful men of Europe would gratefully bare and bow their heads here. These waters come down to of nearly thirty States. They have nourished and ministered to needs of a hundred millions of people. Their work is done for this year. They are on their way to the seas to rest. They are entitled to respect. to respect.

I have basked on the banks of the

cold-water man.

And how few Americans have seen this mighty river, or either source or mouth. I know plenty of pretty Eastern ladies who are willing to be counted well-traveled. Not one of them in ten ever saw this greatest natural wonder of the

Now, Lord Houghton owns about half Now, Lord Hougaton owns about half a county of land in Florida, and, with a pretty clear eye to business, I suppose, it occurred to him to get some account of the Mississippi as well as of that tiresome and too familiar Nile.

An Englishman's knowledge of American geography is not very reliable at best, and it is no disparagment to imegine

and it is no disparagement to imagine that his lordship in his mind's eye located his own Florida possessions not far from the banks of the mighty American river. You guess the sequel? But, ah, it would take a Henry Irving to depict the disgust on that old nobleman's face as he turned and silently waddled away from these cultured and traveled ladies who had not seen their own wonder of all the civilized world—this majestic Mississippi, which had been all this time flowing in their back yard, unnoticed and un-

som, his great strong breast a place to make the gods envious of your rest. Like Balboa after naming the Pacific,

like Moses, indeed, when looking upon the promised land and the rivers of it and the place of rest for his people, it was your right to die and remain forever a part of that which you had discovered to your people.

It is hard to escape the immense fascination of this vast surging, sweeping river before me here; hard to cease saying things of this tremendous stream, this artery, the life blood of our broad republic. And, oh, how the poets of old the poets when poets were upon earth—would have loved this river! There is

This wonderous river here, like all things that are great and full of power and of splendor, is very still, very docile things that are great and full of power and of splendor, is very still, very docile seemingly, as if it might be easily maraged, led or driven anywhere. But contemplate its vast volume as its sweeps past! Its depth? 100, 200, 300 feet! That is the Mississippi river. And yet, you American mud-heads, you railroad makers, you hardly know we have such a river in the country. Shame on you! But, sire, you may need it, need a! of it, every drop of it, to—water your stock.

A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE. The Tiber is, comparatively, a rivulet. But when the Romans permitted the trees about its source to be cut down, the roots of the fallen forests let go their hold upon the soil. The leaves of the trees held back the falling rain no more. But down, down, down, the lossened soil, the leaves, the decaying rocks that rotted in the sun, all rolled down the little river together year after year; gradually at first, slowly for many seasons, many con-turies, indeed; but each year as the mountains (1 sw more bare, as the bed of we comportable, and enjoyment is mine. The food is first rate; as good; if possible, as in my dear old New York hotel. And that is the highest praise I know. This city is a famous place for food.

A SUNDAY IN NEW ORLEARS. The mouth of the Tiber was filled full at last. Beautiful little Ostia, the city as its mouth, became a bed of fevers. And then, mark you, set a peg here, and do not fail to remember thisher, or the first time, was the word "mal-aria" made a part of the classic language of the Boman Empire. The walleys from the mouth of the Tiber, even te Rome, began to back up and fill into malarious floods. The Pontine marshes were formed and made famous as breeders of death. The Tiber filled up its bed and backed up even to the heart of the City of Rome. In 1872 I was rowed in a boat down the length of the Corso and into the Pantheon, where the tomb of Raphael lay seven feet under water. And all this becaye Rome sold her woods, her forests, for gold away 'cut it needs to my hotel, breakfasted and went the tomb of Raphael lay seven feet under water. And all this becaye Rome sold her woods, her forests, for gold away 'cut it needs to my hotel, treakfasted and went the tomb of Raphael lay seven feet under water. And all this becaye Rome sold her woods, her forests, for gold away 'cut it needs to my hotel, treakfasted and went the tomb of Raphael lay seven feet under water. And all this becaye Rome sold her woods, her forests, for gold away 'cut it needs to my hotel, treakfasted and went the tomb of Raphael lay seven feet under water. And all this becaye Rome sold her woods, her forests, for gold away 'cut it needs to my hotel, treakfasted and went the foothills. They should have been the foothills. They should have been

kept, even for the nightingales to sing in and wild beasts and wild birds to house in, if nothing else. Ah, every such ravishment must be paid for sooner or later. And Rome's penalty was to see her she wolf at the door of the tomb, her population reduced to 1,500, her place on the map of the world nothing, for nearly a thousand years.

a thousand years.

I witnessed year after year a more recent example. We denuded the footbills of California, swept the mountains into our great river, and deluged and ruined half a State. Our capital is to-day 10 or 20 feet below a dirty stream of isease that was once like silver, its bosom

And so, with some knowledge on this subject, I was summoned before Italy to testify as to this, and I was sent with Garibaldi to look at Ostia, 20 feet under the earth or the mouth of the Tiber. Briefly, this city of the Mexican seas here by the great river, this flower town, this Magnolia land, this city where you

plant and gather the orange and the fig and all the sweet fruits that grow under the face of the sun, is only another Ostia. It is a dismal thing to say. But there are duties that must not be run away from. True, this wondrous river here is a thousand Tibers tied together. You say, and may believe, that it is strong enough to sweep its way forever to the sea. Not so. The soft, loose soil of twenty States contributes every hour to

twenty States contributes every hour to choke it up. The sand of Illinois fills its mouth. Go on denuding, destroying, defying nature; and a thousand years will bury not only this city, this State, but many States.

And the remedy is so cheap and simple. Sell no more lands up yonder in the North to be pillaged of all that nature planted here. Turn it back into ferests.

Nature knew what she was about. Set Nature knew what she was about. Set trees along the banks of every stream. Keep out the fires, make parks, places of pleasure, turn your 100,000 old pensioned tramps in there to take care of these parks. And that, my neighbors of the North, will be "saving the Union" to

some purpose.

COMING TO THE CRESCENT CITY. All the way from Montgomery and own through Alabama and the State of Mississippi pines and lagoons, and lagoons and pines; so level, green and grassy! I wanted all the time, when we struck the pines, to get cut and walk among the trim, slim and open trees. The lagoons remind one of the purpose. The lagoons remind one of the approaches in Venice. No sign of life for hundreds of miles, save now and then a yoke of oxen drawing a creaking wagon with its dozen barrels of resin and a "darky" asleep on the top; only a little cotton field dotted down here and there tight among the pines, little "darkies" standing there are not below the standing there. there among the black stumps, bag at side, the white cotton in the black hand, standing still as the stumps about them, staring at the train as it dashed past. A thousand barrels of resin at each of the wide-apart depots, the creaking ox wagons with their barrels of resin, or the bales of cotton; the smell of pine forests in the air and all along as we dashed through Alabama and Mississippi. Then we come upon the home of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, of unhappy histo-

Here we get a glimpse of the Mexican seas to the left. The great broad sun has caught fire and is rushing down into the sea beneath him. And we are dashing on right 'gainst the sun as it falls into the sea. The Crescent City and the great river are fifty, forty, thirty miles away. Lagoons behind us and bayous before us and right and left of us. Little clumps of oak and ash and beech are springing up right and left from out the wast brown levels of marsh; and men hunt here for deer, thirty miles from the hunt here for deer, thirty miles from the

But it seems like profanity to prattle confiagration of earth and of air. The on and try to practice and call my country's attention to this silent majesty of waters.

Ah, De Soto, what a tomb is yours! It was time for you to die. The Mississippli's rushing banks were a fatting place for you to leave the world behind; his boom his great attent breast a place to this water and this lend this are and this water and this land, this air and illumination were in Europe, the writers there, upheld, countenanced, encouraged by the country, would lift them up in glory, so that all the world should be compalled to come and side? compelled to come and see? Yet you money mad Americans, because you are looking in the mud for money and see no beauty, starve your scribes to death, and even deride them for daring to look nature in the face—for daring to love her and fall at her feet and call her beautiful.

"LANDING" IN NEW ORLEANS. It is not pleasant-too much like New York. Yet it is something to the that if the cabmen are a: numerous and as insolent as up North they are not so mould have loved this river! There is not a poem in the world worth reading that has not rivers running all through it, from the Meander and the other little rivulets around Troy, on down to the story of the unhappy Arcadians, whose final place of rest I can almost see from my household. All such places in the Bible are made green with running rivers. Paradise, that it might be of matchless elegance and eternal verdure, gathered three great rivers in one.

This wonderous river here, like all things that are great and full of power the world.

THE HOTELS. They are not very great, with one or two exceptions, or very good. But the private places of accommodation are said This is a city of homes, remember. The thousands of families who were ruined here by the war still have there houses, and many of them, I am told, are open for the accommodation of the coming so-

journers.

As for prices, I pay \$28 a week in what is called the best hotel here, or \$5 a day, and am liable to be "fired out" at a day's notice any time, to give place to some one who has already engaged this little bedroom; which is indeed too small for a bed-room; but a little too big for a coffin. I see tacked up all about the house, "Beware of Thieves," and the whole hotel has a sort of down-at-the-heel atmosphere about it which makes one want to get back into the Alabama pines we passed through the other day. Still I we passed through the other day. Still I am comfortable, and enjoyment is mine. The food is first rate; as good, if possible, as in my dear old New York hotel. And that is the highest praise I know. This city is a famous place for food.

ready? We have fifteen hundred ham-mers driving every day. Fifteen hundred thousand nails every few hours will get er done mighty soon, now."

The buildings are a rifle-shot from the banks of the Mississippi. The place is high and dry now, of course above all approach of floods; level as a lawn, green, cool, beautiful, with avenues of cake that have no count or sorth busy oaks that have no equal on earth; but the grounds are going to be muddy. The ground is a deep black Oregon Camas muck; it is the mud of Illinois, in fact, worked over and washed down and made tenfold more sticky by its long transportation. But of course planks—and there are plenty of them here—will keep your feet from the mud. It is going to be simply a tremendous success. I can tell you more of the details two weeks later. In the three great Expositions of the past I was sent to report upon the show grounds. I was sent to Vienna, to Paris, and also to Philadelphia, as I am sent here, long in advance of the opening; and I can only say that things here compare most favorably with the best prospects, as I remember them and recounted them, at these other places. And that is about all that I am justified in saying now. I will say this, however, to my friends and readers—and I have about a million, I believe—that any one who fails to visit this six and the secretary of the saying and the saying the s this city and these scenes at this coming Fair, health and all things permitting, is simply silly. This city hopes to get some good out of the coming show. The main good, my friends, will be to the North. You want to learn some hing of the size, the story, the glory and the splender of your land. You want t see these people here, too. A vanquissed, beaten and impoverished people; but brave, and good, and true, and warm at heart as the sun they there. sun above them. I am already assured, from what I see, that it is going to be the greatest thing of its kind that he s ever been on earth. That is saying a very great deal, certainly. But bear in mind that outside of the million dollars, these brave sunny-hearted and show-loving people have perpetuated their Carnivals through all their trials and have long been celebrated for their matchless skill in getting up such things. So you can safely calculate that to miss this Exposition will be a life regret.

But to continue the Sunday's excur

sions. I went to see the "Bandit King" and "Bunch of Keys" at night, alternating between the two theaters, which stand close together. The heat was too intense, and before the plays were over I went out, walked down Canal street, stripped and plunged into the river from the wharf, which slopes to the water's edge. Not a soul in sight, not even a policeman. The electric light made the water a sheet of silver, and I did not see that the swift, strong river had caught me up in his arms aud was rushing on with all his might to the sea. Perilous! But what did it matter? When I got back and sat catching my breath on the edge of the wharf I saw a lot of jet black bugs as big wharf I saw a lot of jet black bugs as big as mice sitting on the edge of the plank at my side. I never saw such creatures in my life. Now and then they would dive off into the water. One of these bugs finally elbowed around, and lifting upon his hind legs, looked me squarely in the eyes. He had a mustache like the King of Italy. I fled precipitately, as soon as I could dress.

I sauntered up Canal street two blocks and turned down a street to the right. I

and turned down a street to the right. I heard men calling out games and names which I had not heard called for thirty years. Up a wide, bright stair of brass, and gambling was before me in all its doubtful glory. A policeman looking on, good order, no noise except the men calling out their games. Twenty seven tables going in this room. No woman in sight. The dealers were generally little sight. The dealers were generally little pot belied and bald headed Frenchmen. The language a ostlyspoken was English. I went out, down, up again; saw four other places, all so alike that I need not mention them.

I passed on, down a hundred yards or so toward the French quarter, and I heard wild, discordant music and the cracked and squeaky voices of matured

cracked and squeaky voices of matured women who were dancing and singing by dozens right and left; I pushed open some of the doors; the dingy floors were pached with men and women.

It was time to go home. I wish I had not seen it all. I wish I did not, as a truthful chronicler, have to set it down here. It mars my picture of discoveries and of the mighty scenes that have been before me. God, how pitiful is man, and how contemptible he can be, even in the how contemptible he can be, even in the presence of all this majesty of Nature. JOAQUIN MILLER.

Intelligent-Educated-Learned.

The English lauguage is made up of such a varied combination, and is used so figuratively and allegorically, that one can hardly give utterance to an un-atudied phrase but what ingenuity and quick perception can construe into a diversity of meanings; and so many words have nearly the same meanings that they are so often misused and mis-ap-

they are so often misusca and mis-applied; more probably from a careless custom than from ignorance.

The words intelligent, educated and learned are often used as though they had the same meaning, although they convey entirely distinct ideas. Intelligence is an innate faculty of the human soul, that enables one to think

and receive ideas with a degree of comprehension and understanding.
Education is the cultivation and refinement of the powers of understanding, and includes both moral and intellectual training. This term is usually applied to the early developments of the mind, when it is made capable of receiving learning. There are two kinds of education; one we have given us at school, which only prepares us for the more sub-

stantial one we get ourselves from the world. Human usture can never be learned from books; it is a knowledge cthers may acquire, but never impart; it constitutes an important part of our education, and can only be gained by mingling with our fellow men. There is a great difference in people, and this difference is greatly the result of our education.

cation.

Learning is knowledge gained by research and study. It is erudition which a well ducated man may not possess. Knowledge is information gained by study, experience and observation. Wisdom is an endowment and is higher than knowledge with judgment and discretion.

A COLUMBIA WOMAN'S ROMANCE. Her Triumph, Her Downfall and Her De-

NEW YORK, October 26.—Soon after the war a most beautiful young lady ar-rived in New York from the South. She rought letters to Thurlow Weed, Hugh J. Hastings and many other New Yorkers, vouching for high respectability in the South. Her family had lest heavily by the war. Soon the beautiful refugee won all hearts by her sweetness of manner and beautful face. Among her suitors was the wealthy Mr. John Beecher, who married her. Mrs. Beecher soon became famous as the most beautiful woman in the city. She was beautiful in her lovely Fifth avenue residence and graceful as a queen as she rode in the park. She led in beauty at the Jerome Park races. Her lovely face attracted Mr. Floyd Phonix, who soon won her affections away from her husband. The story of her relations with Mr. Phoenix and her shooting him as he went up the steps of his sister's mansion on Fifth avenue were narrated in every newspaper of the time. Mr. Phenix had his ticket bought for Europe, but Mrs. Rescher's pixel so frightened Phænix had his ticket bought for Europe, but Mrs. Beecher's pistol so frightened him that he gave up his state-room and left New York quietly for Philadelphia. A week after Mr. Phænix sailed for Europe. Mr. Beecher separated from his wife, though it almost broke his heart, and she followed Phænix to Europe. Once in Paris her beauty captivated, not Mr. Phænix, but Count Portallis, formerly of the French Legation at Washington. The first wife of Count Portallis, who was Miss Jennie Holiday, daughter of Ben Holiday, had been dead two years. Count Portallis took Mrs. Beecher to China, where he was an attache of the China, where he was an attache of the French Legation. On their return to Paris the Count's money gave out and he abandoned Mrs. Beecher. In Paris Mr. John Beecher, who never ceased to love his wife, furnished her with money. After bewildering the boulevards and turning half of Paris mad with her bewildering loveliness, she went to Japan with a French officer. A few months of love and extravagance and Mrs. Beecher ruined the officer and he returned to Paris, leaving her in Japan. While there she won the heart and became the mistress of the Japanese Secretary of State, a very wealthy and highly titled Japanese. After astounding court circles with her grace, beauty and extravagance she at the end of a year had a quarrel with her husband and went to live with nother titled Japanese, but inferior in rank to the Secretary of State. Last week came the astounding news that the Japanese Secretary of State had prevailed upon the Mikado of the empire to have Mrs. Beecher beheaded. An official edict was issued and the once beautiful refugee from South Carolina was beheaded and her last husband imprisoned. Thus ends the life of a woman once known and admired by thousands of people in our city. Her sad fate is the talk of the uptown

[The above evidently refers to a some what noted and very handsome woman native and former resident of Columbia
—Miss Mary Boozer. She was the reputed daughter of Peter Burton, her mother's second husband, but adopted by Dr. Boozer, the third spouse. The first husband was wedded on his death-bed in Philadelphia; the second died in a very singular manner in Columbia; the third uicided in Newberry, and the fourth was abandoned by the muchly-married and really beautiful woman, whose remains now repose in a pauper's grave in New York. When Sherman evacuated this city in 1865, among the hundreds who followed his army were Mrs. Feaster and her frail but lovely daughter Mary, or hisrie, as she was pleased to call herself. A brief history of the exploits of this young woman in New York and other cities—for she traveled extensively—was unblished a few recent car. living as the wife of Count Portallis in China. This is the first intimation, so far as we know, that has been given to the public as to her whereabouts and

adventures since that time .- Columbia From the New York Truth, October 27. The story of the tragic death in Japan of Mrs. John Beccher, afterwards the Countess Portales, published yesterday, was the talk of the town. It appears to have been known to a few of the unfortunate woman's friends, but by general acquiescence was kept as secret as possible. Such a story, abounding as it does in tragic and romantic details. does in tragic and romantic details, could not long remain untold, and now that it has reached print, many new and interesting details will doubtless be disclosed. A prominent banker of this city, a friend of both Mrs. Beecher and also the Count, was called upon by our representative, and obtained the following additional particulars as to the manner of hardeath.

ner of her death:

After Mrs. Beecher, or the Countess became the mistress of the Japanese Prime Minister she was informed that the custom of Japan toward the unfaith-fulness of a mistress with death would be observed should she break her vows to the Prime Minister. The little woman to the Prime Minister. The little woman laughed at the warnings and said she would only die in two ways, a natural death or by her own hand. As the mistress of the Prime Minister, one of the wealthiest men of Japan, her every wish and caprice was granted. Not content with anything, however, she deserted the Prime Minister and became the mistress of another officer of the Japanese Government and openly defied her former of another officer of the Japanese Gov-ernment and openly defied her former lover. Fully aware that an attempt would be made to kill her she always went armed and with a body guard. Among her many accomplishments she had by daily practice made herself an expert shot with the pistol. To all out-ward appearances she cared naught for the impending and terrible death which the impending and terrible death which hung over her and which is regarded as inevitable. None of her gayeties were overlooked and she was daily seen at the public places in company with men.

WARNED OF HER DOOM. Warned to fly and seek safety in France or America, she indignantly declined. Fear certainly was not one of her faults and her courage was remarkable. In less than two weeks after her desertion of the Prime Minister, Yeddo desertion of the Prime Minister, Yeddo was excited by rumors of an attempt to kill the daring woman, but which failed through the bravery and devotion of her body servant, who was seriously wounded, from the effects of which it was necessary to send him to the hospital. Left alone and without anyone to protect her, the Countess still refused to take the opportunity of flying, but remained and nursed her wounded servant, whom she visited daily. SHE MEETS HER DEATH,

Towards morning a week later than the first attempt two masked men obtained entrance to her bedchamber. One concealing himself at the rear of the room, the other awake and informed her of the fate which awaited her. Quickly drawing her revolver from under the pillow she attempted to shoot, but the man stationed from behind was too quick for the fleeds, she saked the privilege of being shot, but was refused. First gagging her to prevent any outcry, the

wretches bow-strung her and pinioned her arms. The bow which crossed the back of the neck, and the string which came under the chin were then screwed tighter and tighter until the Countess died in horrible agony, and her body then thrown into the river, where it was

Such was the fate of the woman who had all Paris at her feet, who ruled in Japan, and who was the honored guest at the firesides of our best families.

The Confederate Congress. In coming on here (to Washington) after we had talked of almost everything, Dr. Curry was asked some leading questions about the Confederate Congress, and about why Jefferson Davis was made President of the Confederacy. He re-plied substantially: "There was nothing to develop great men in the Confederate Congress. Nearly all the legislation had reference to the war, and the debates were all in secret session, except such as were of no consequence. As to why we elected Mr. Davis President, there were sevent sectors. there were several reasons. He had dis-tinguished himself in the Mexican war, had been trained a soldier at West Point, and had been Secretary of War. We all felt that it was necessary to elect a man of military capacity and experience, acquainted with the officers who would come to us. Then Mr. Davis had dis-tinguished himsel. in the United States Senate as a debater. He and Hunter and Benjamin and Toombs were the foremost men from the South in the Senate at that time. Mr. Davis was not an extreme man. He was a man of fine culture, and in all debates where sciencutture, and in all debates where scientific principles were involved he could take part with credit to himself. He was a man of stainless character, and his private life, as well as his public life, was blameless. The people who say that the choice of Mr. Davis for the Presidency was a head of the choice of Mr. Davis for the Presidency was a head of the property of the presidency was a head of the property of the presidency was a head of the pres dency was a bad one should remember that the field of selection was a very re-stricted one. Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee had not then joined the Confederacy. Mr. Stephens had been a strong Union man and had recently made very strong Union speeches, Georgia presented him, and he was elected Vice-President with the hope of conciliating the South South and the strength of the strength of the South elected Vice-President with the hope of conciliating the South and uniting the whole people upon the great undertaking. I don't think there was much antagonism between Mr. Davis and Mr. Stephens, Mr. Davis took very few persons into his confidence. In Washington you will always find the Vice-President has very little to do in aiding the President; in the discharge of his duties. Mr. Benjamin was probably the greatest man, we had, as a thinker and speaker, while his capacity for work was simply wonderful. Howell Cobb was another great man. As President of the Provisional Congress (in Montgomery) he held himself admi-As President of the Provisional Congress (in Montgomery) he held himself admirably. He had been Speaker of the old Congress, and, added to his large legislative experience, he was noted for his great ability and thorough integrity. In 1850, when there was great excitement in the South, looking to secession, Cobb was a Union man, and as such was elected Governor of Georgia. He was a Jackson Democrat in contradistinction Jackson Democrat in contradistinction from a Calhonn Democrat. He was Sec-retary of the Treasury under Buchanan, and resigned and went home to plead for secession. He was one of the wisest of statesmen, and many thought he would have made a better President than Davis. have made a better President than Davis. Howell Cobb was in many things very much like Senator Jos. E. Brown, whom I regard as a very able man. In the Provisional Congress Georgia had the strongest representation. It had Stephens, Toombs, the two Cobbs, Ben Hill, Frank Bartow (killed at Manassas) and Noshit. Ben Hill great the belief determined to the senate of th Nesbit. Ben Hill was the ablest debater in the United States Senate, and his loss

was irreparable. I repeat, there was nothing to develop states manship during the war and since the war. This race question has absorbed all questions and overshadows everything else. No man, North or South, seems to grasp it in all its bearings. The negro-problem more than any other in this country, or even in Europe, requires the highest order of statesmanship. Thus only can it be settled justly for both races. Our people do not see as they should that the principles of Christianity must enter into statesmanship. In our protest against fallen into the error of separating Christianity from these great principles.

An Unlucky Stumble.

"Pa," said Samantha to Deacon Bodkin, "what was that story you were telling at the postoffice yesterday after-"Oh, nothin' much," said the deacon. "It was about some of his pranks when he was a young man, I'll be bound," said Mrs. Bodkin.

"Oh, do tell us!" chorused both girls.
"Wal," said the deacon, "it was when
I was jest about one an' twenty, an' I was down to the grocery one day a-talk-in' politics with the boys, when in came Black John."

"Who is Black John?" asked the "Wal, he was a curis old fellow, as black as the ace of shovels, as the fellow said. He was a character, Black John

said. He was a character, Black John was. He used to drive a gray hoss about, a-peddlin'. He was mighty proud of that hose, and he bragged that he could beat any hoss in town a trottin'.

"Wal, Bill Trent, him as is Squire Trent now, was there, an' he bet Black John a gallon of molasses that he could beat the gray with his roan mare, in a rose to the grays with his roan mare, in a rose to the grays with his roan mare, in a race to the corners, round the old red school house an' back. Black John tuck him up an' the hosses was saddled an' brought round. Black John liked his

brought round. Black John liked his
gis pretty well, an' while he was fillin'
up one of the boys..."

"One of them!" said Martha. "It
was you, I guess."

"One o' the boys," went on the deace,
"got a clothes-line in the procesy an'
tied one end to the ring in the back of
John's saddle and hitched the other end
fact to the feed trough in front of the fast to the feed trough in front of the

fast to the feed trough in front of the grocery.

One of the fellers went up the road a piece and dropped his handkerchief for a start and they went off together. Black John give a yell an' dug his heels into his horse's side with all his might. The next rainnit there was a spill. John fetched up with a yan's, fit to take his head off; the saddle girth broke; the hoss slid out from under John, haid his ears back and tuck to the woods. John, of course, came down all in a hear in

of course, came down all in a heap in the road.

"We all ran to help him up and to unfasten the rope and get it out of sight. But he corambled up before we could much him and shock off the dust, and said."

A NEW DRESS REFORM.

Thousands of Germans Now Wearing Woolen Clothing Only,

London Times.

The doctrine starts with the funda-mental principle that, being animals, we should wear animal clothing. The ab-sorption by vegetable life of poisonous eminations from animal life is a process put limited it would appear to living eminations from animal life is a process not limited, it would appear, to living plants, but continued by vegetable fibre, such as cotton, linen, &c., with the difference that, while the living plant assimilates these emanations, the dead fibre cannot do so, but exhales them again when wetted or warmed. Thus our clothes, in consequence of their vegetable charge, in consequence of their vegetable character, attract and retain those noxious priniples which should, on the contrary, be thrown off with the greatest possible promptitude. On the other hand, animal material, such as wool, is made by nature to protect animal life, and will not prevent, but assist the evaporation of the emanations coming from the body. This can readily be proved by the same This can readily be proved by the sense of smell. It suffices to wear clothes of pure wool throughout, and there is at once an end to the unpleasantness noticed in the linen underclothing, the cotton linings of the coat, &c. From these facts Dr. Gustav Jaeger, professor of zoology and physiology at Stuttgart, deduces his medical theory, which has won innumerable disciples in an incredible short time. short time.

short time.

Dr. Jaeger points out that the human body is most susceptible to disease when it contains too large a quantity of water or of fat. The presence in excess of these substances can be tested by the specific weight, and the rapidity of the nervous action. But the specific weight must be given in proportion with the cubic measurement of the person, and this latter is not easy to ascertain. By the immersion of the body in a measured tank we have a rough-and-ready method of gauging its cubic capacity, which must correspond with the displacement of the water. Dr. Jaeger, however, has constructed an air-tight chamber where a column of mercury records the amount of column of mercury records the amount of compression brought to bear upon the air by the introduction of a foreign body

air by the introduction of a foreign body or person.

Out of 65 men, thus measured, Dr. Jaeger found that the litre weight varied from 764 to 1,060 grammes, difference of almost 40 per cent. To test the nervous activity a stop-watch is employed which can record the two-thousandth part of a second. The operator sets the index hand in motion, which has then to be immediately stopped by the person undergoing the test. The difference between the two readings records the time needed for the excitation, produced by the sight of the moving handle, to run its course through the eye, the optic nerves, the brain, the nerves of the arm, and finally to reach the muscles which actuate the finger that stops the watch. Experiments conducted in this manner showed in one instance that the rapidity of action after a Turkish bath increased to the extent of 18 persons. after a Turkish bath increased to the extent of 18 per cent.

tent of 13 per cent.

What is now known as Dr. Jaeger's sunitary woolen clothing is so contrived as to obviate these evils. The clothing consists, for men, of light-fitting stockingette undergarments made of pure undyed wool fastened over the shoulder, and of double thickness over the breast. The coat or jacket is double-breasted, buttoned well up to the throat, contains no lining nor padding unless of pure wool, and is either undyed or treated only with uninjurious fast dyes. The same rule applies to the tronsers, while the waistcoat is either dispensed with altogether, or it forms and inner flap saffixed to the side of the coat. Inside the sleeves to the side of the coat. Inside the sleeves and the trousers legs there is a contrivance, which fastening tight round the limb, prevents up-draughts; for cold, rheumatism, lumbago, &c., are caught by the sudden rush of cold air to one particu lar part of the body, and not by the gradual cooling of the entire system. The feet are clad in pure woolen socks with divisions for each toe, while the upper part of the boot is made of felt, the lower part also of felt or of porous leather, and the inner soles consists of perforated leather and layers of felt. Thus the boot is the roughly perforated the soles of the control of the is thoroughly porous, and the feet are consequently kept as clean and as pure as the hands.

consequently kept as clean and as pure as the hands.

By doubly protecting the front of the body where the blood vessels converge, these are stimulated; and, as an even temperature throughout is maintained, the necessity for greatcoats is obviated, rain or damp having little or no effect; for in every case gradual and even evaporation is ensured. While they are the best protection against cold, these clothes are also the coolest in Summer. Little or no change need be made between Winter and Summer, at least in the temperate region; and means have been found by which this system can with equal facility be adopted by women. Nor can a "woolenite" be easily distinguished from the "woodcaites," as the wearers of vegetable fibre may be called. The substitution of a collar made of unstarched white cashmere for the customary starched linen collar is the most conspicuous feature in the dress; otherwise it would be difficult to desert the conspicuous feature in the dress; otherwise it would be difficult to detect the disciples of this system. The cashmere collar, however, is not only the most comfortable, but is a preventive of throat disorders.

confortable, but is a preventive of throat comfortable, but is a preventive of throat disorders.

All these precautions taken during the day must be equitiqued at night. The bed must be equitiqued at night. The bed must also be free from vegetable fibre. The linen sheet must be raplaced by woolen blankets or "mel-hair rags, with white cashmere sheets if preferred. The mattress and the pillow should also be stuffed at d covered with wool; but when thus projected the sleeper need not fear neither cold nor change of temperature, and is, therefore, preed to keep his window well open at night. Indeed, the possibility of thus securing pure air in the bedroom without risk is one of the most important advantages of the system. In reward for this great change in the mode of living the action of the skin is so stimulated that the pezious principles, the "bad humors" our forefathers so diten spoke about, are soon given off and evaporated. Corpulence is reduced, the flesh becomes firm and thoroughly "hardened." while the acceleration of nervous action and a general improvement is the physical and mental working power; is demonstrated by the stop-watch test. Then, according to Dr. Jaeger, the body has resumed its "nongual" condition.

If Both, briefly is the reform in clothing at oros of and carried out by thousands of Germans, not a few Russians and some Englishmen, and which has been introduced into our mides at the South Kensington Health Exhibition, and by the opaning of a depot in by a street, where articles of every description in the particles of every description in th